

Pigman

By Jake Skinner

The children ran out of the building screaming. They were too scared to notice that their Darrell wasn't following behind them.

"Pigman was down there. I just know it." Chuck was winded. "Sometimes Pigman can paralyze you. If you ever feel the hair stand up on the back of your neck, you know he isn't too far away. He could run up behind you and stab you in the back and be gone before anyone noticed."

The children were all standing around on the playground just outside of the school catching their breath.

"Hey, where's Darrell?" Gloria asked while looking around. "Do you think Pigman got him? Oh, my, what do you think happened too him. Pigman probably has him, I just know it."

It was nearly 6:30 p.m. and the sun was already starting to bow behind the horizon.

"Get down, now!" Chuck insisted seeing the priest come out of church and locking it up.

Natasha was shaking with fear and started to let out little pathetic moans and whimpers. "Someone's got to tell the priest. He can help." She whispered.

"No, no one's going to tell the Father Damian anything, until we know for sure he isn't one of Pigman's servants." Said Chuck.

“Maybe She’s right. If we had the right plan we could make it seem as if one of us were just curious because Darrel never came home.” Gloria looked to Natasha. “It’s up to you Natasha. Go ask him.”

Natasha felt queasy. She didn’t like confrontation. Father Damian always spooked her. The other children watched as her face turned bright white.

Chuck started to crawl toward the curly slide for safety. Gloria knowing what was about to happen followed his lead. Natasha bent over and hurled.

Father Damian spun around looking into the playground. “Is someone there?”

“Huuuaah!” Natasha puked again.

“What is wrong child? Father Damian asked. “Are you alright?”

“Father, I need to find Darrell, he hasn’t come home. Is he still in the school? Oh, I hope he isn’t dead.” Natasha said.

“Dead?” he asked.

“Huh, no, I mean I hope he is fed.”

Chuck was shaking his head listening to Natasha fumble with words. “ She’s going to leak.”

Gloria was shaking her head. “ We’re all in trouble now, she’s going to tell.”

Chuck and Gloria were amazed with how Natasha handled herself as she told the priest how she was worried and thought maybe he was still inside from staying after school. “Maybe he’s still in there, did someone forget about him?” Natasha asked.

The priest shook his head, “No, I was just going to check on him. Go run home he’ll be alright.”

With that she began walking out toward the street. When Father Damian had disappeared inside of the building she ran over to the curly slide to get the others.

“Father’s going to find him, let’s go home.” Natasha suggested.

“I’m not sure if I trust him.” Chuck said watching the windows of the school for a sign from Darrell. “Why hasn’t Darrell tried to signal to us?”

Just then Father Damian came out of the school with Darrell. He had a hold of him by his shoulder ushering him toward the church. “We’ll just say a little prayer and then you’ll be on your way child.”

“Thanks, Father.” Darrell was rubbing his soar head. Father Damian opened the church door and flipped on the light. The two walked inside.

The other children watched the silhouettes of the two against the stain glass. Father Damian was pouring wine into a chalice.

“I wonder if that’s Pigman’s chalice.” Gloria said.

Father Damian offered the chalice to Darrell who accepted and drank. Then from the side door they saw another silhouette enter the church. The silhouette looked as if it was a man with a pig snout. Both children watched with their mouths wide open. Just then Father Damian took the Chalice back from Darrell, who slumped over in the pew. The pig headed figure walked over to Darrell and raised him in his arms carrying him toward the alter.

“Huuuuh!” Natasha blew everywhere. As the silhouettes headed towards the door the children had already taken off running home.

It was the worst nights rest any of the children had ever had. They laid in their beds not wanting to believe what happened and not understanding what was happening either. What was happening to Darrell?

The next day of school Natasha, Chuck and Gloria met up before class started. They waited for Darrell to show up but he never did. There was still five minutes before class so they went into the church. Natasha spoke to Father Damian.

“What happened to Darrell?” she asked. “I mean have you heard from him?”

Father Damian shook his head and pointed toward a pew in the back of the church. There a boy was sitting, eyes wide open, unblinking. All of them went to go talk to him. As they sat down next to him they couldn't help but notice something wasn't right. Then he turned to them. All of them flinched back in horror as they saw how his nose began to curl up in the front, like that of Pigman's. Then he spoke.

“Hi, my name is Darrell. I'm glad to know that you will be joining me later. Father Damian tells me you are next.” Then he stood up and turned away and walked towards the priest's private chambers.

Natasha, Chuck and Gloria shared the same concerned look and went to class.